

*Keep.* And hang for't afterward.

*Pal.* By this good light  
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

*Keep.* Why my Lord?

*Pal.* Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually  
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

*Keep.* Indeede yon must my Lord.

*Pal.* May I see the garden?

*Keep.* Noe.

*Pal.* Then I am resolute, I will not goe. (rous

*Keep.* I must constrain you then; and for you are danger-  
He clap more yrons on you.

*Pal.* Doe good keeper.

He shake'em so, ye shall not sleepe,

He make ye a new Morrice, must I goe?

*Keep.* There is no remedy.

*Pal.* Farewell kinde window.

May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

*Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.*

*Scena 3. Enter Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Banishd the kingdome? tis a benefit,  
A mercy I must thanke'em for, but banishd  
The free enjoying of that face I die for,  
Oh twas a studdied punishment, a death  
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance  
That were I old and wicked, all my sins  
Could never plucke upon me, *Palamon*;  
Thou ha'st the Start now, thou shalt stay and see  
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,  
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede  
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,  
That nature nev'r excelled, nor nev'r shall:  
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?  
Twenty to one, hee'le come to speake to her,  
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

know she's his, he has a Tongue will tan-  
Tempe fits, and make the wild Rockes wa-  
The worst is death; I will not leave the  
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruin  
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has he-  
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make  
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am h-  
He see her, and be neere her, or no more.

*Enter 4. Country people, & one with a*

1. My Masters, ile be there that's cert  
2. And ile be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boyes;  
Let the plough play to day, ile tick'lt ou  
Of the lades tiales to morrow.

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey  
But that's all one, ile goe through, let he

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night,  
And all's made up againe.

3. I doe but put a feskue in her fist,  
Take a new lesson out, and be a good  
Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

2. And *Sennois*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r da  
And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty Domine, the Sch  
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye kn

3. Hee'le cate a hornebooke ere he f  
ter's too farse driven betweene him, a  
ter, to let slip now, and she must see  
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow